

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

A VERY pretty little girl, beautifully dressed, had laid herself down in an elegant armchair in a splendid room magnificently furnished in a handsome street; a little book was in her hand, she kept her finger in the place while she gazed mournfully at the white clouds that floated above the chimney pots of the houses near. Large tears swam in her eyes, and now and then one fell, but she did not heed them much. She was very sad.

Her mother came into the room, and seeing the child's listless attitude, exclaimed, "Why, my pet! my darling! what is it?"

The little girl stood up, the mother sat down in her place, and, taking her little one to nestle in her lap, kissed away her sad looks, and asked,

"What has my little girl been doing this afternoon?"

"I've been learning my hymn."

"Which is it? Can you say it?"

"This. 'There is a book, who runs may read,' but when she came to the line, 'The works of God above, below,' the child's voice grew choky.

"Does that hymn make you sad?" It makes me happy."

"So it used *me* when we were in the country, I liked it very much then, so I thought I would learn it. But here—"

"But here—what my sweet?"

"Here it does not seem to be the works of God. It's all made by people, and all bought with money," and she glanced at her own frock, the furniture in the room, the houses opposite, and then hid her face.

"Come, now!" said her mother. "What, have not I taught you better than that? Fetch me a footstool that I may make a better lap, and we will talk about this matter."

The little girl gladly obeyed, and nestled in, if possible, more closely than before, lying with her eyes fixed on her mother's face.

"We'll begin at the beginning. This frock. Certainly it was not made by God as it now is. But you know what makes silk?"

"Yes, the silkworms. I did not think of that."

"If you could go to China just before the silkworms spin, and see every house, every shed, every temple even, filled with trays and trays full of silkworms, so many of them that the air is full of the sound of their tiny mouths crunching the mulberry leaves, you would think you saw some of the works of God there."

"Oh yes!"

"And when Janie gave you those pretty skeins that she had wound off her cocoons, they seemed like the works of God?"

"Oh yes, go on."

"When you went to the silk-mill and saw all the machinery and smelt the oil, and heard the deafening noise, that did not seem to be one of the works of God?"

"No! was it?"

"Certainly! It was God who gave to the iron its hardness, to the oil its quality of making things work smoothly together, to the steam its wonderful power of moving all those heavy bars and rollers. It was God who made the men who made the machinery and gave them the skill to find out how to make it. You think it was a gift of God that taught the little ant the way its narrow hole to bore. Do you think it less a gift of God that taught men to plan that great steam engine? If you should suddenly find that you knew how to make such a machine (if you knew how it was made would be something), I think you would say that such knowledge must have come from God, no one else could have taught you."

"Yes, I should."

"I think you would be right. And I think that the knowledge comes from Him just the same, though He gave it by slow degrees, and the first beginnings of it a long time ago. Then perhaps you did not see any of the works of God in the shop where you and Esne went to help choose the frock?"

"No! In that smart shop! all full of gay things!"

Her mother hugged her and kissed her, and gave her a little shake, and asked:

"Did not all the woollen goods grow on some animals' backs—sheep or goat, or something of the kind? Were not all the silks and satins and velvets spun by silk-worms in China, or India, or Italy, or somewhere? Was not all the linen once flax that grew in a field, and its blue flowers nodded in the wind? Did not all the cottons once grow on cotton trees in some hot country where the tropical sun beats down on people's heads, where the wonderful plants grow wild that you have seen in hot houses, and the Southern Cross is seen at night?

"Oh, yes, mamma. I know all that, only I can't think of it as you do."

"Perhaps you do not think that shopmen are made by God?"

"Oh, mamma! don't laugh at me. I can't remember the things as you do."

"No, I won't laugh at you, that is not fair. But, seriously—did you ever thank God for giving you such a dear little companion and friend as Esne?"

"No, mamma," and the little girl coloured deeply.

"You should then, my child. Every good gift and every perfect gift comes down from above. You would grieve very much if you were to lose Esne's companionship. Suppose she were to move, and live elsewhere, or to die, or find some friend that she liked better than you, should not you be very sorry?"

"Oh dear! yes;" and Cherry looked blank at the very thought.

"Then thank God for what He gives you each day that you are allowed to enjoy it. I often thank God that He has given you such a good, wise, pleasant, well-taught little friend."

"Do you? dear mamma!"

"Yes, and then I hope that she will help to make my child as good and sensible as she is."

"Mamma, I will try to be."

"I trust you will succeed. But come back to what we were talking about. I saw you looking at this table. You think God did not make that?"

"No!" and Cherry laughed out. It was a splendid table, a masterpiece of workmanship, made of a curious foreign wood, carved most elaborately on the legs and one or two other places, and polished like a looking-glass.

Again her mother gave her a hug, a kiss, and a shake, and said: "No. But didn't you know that this table was made of wood which was once a tree growing in South America?"

"Oh! oh! yes. Papa told Mrs. Swaine only yesterday that it was a Brazilian wood. She asked about it. And when she was gone he made me show him Brazil on the map. But I can't remember the things at the right time."

"You must teach yourself to remember. So now look round the room, and tell me about one of the things that looks most artificial, how that also is among the works of God."

"Will the clock do?"

"Yes. Well, did He make the clock?"

"No, but He made—did He make the marble?"

"Yes; marble is dug out of a quarry. You have seen a stone quarry?"

"Yes; and He made—not the glass, men make glass."

"Yes, but then—"

"Oh! He made what glass is made of. But I don't know what that is. It ought to be water."

"No; glass is made chiefly of sand. And what next?"

"The works. What are the works made of? Of steel and brass. Did God make the steel and brass?"

"Not exactly."

"Then He made what steel and brass are made of?"

"Yes. Well, you see you can remember it very nicely when you set yourself to think. You must tell this to yourself about everything in the room, everything in the house, everything in the street. Remember that God is present everywhere. We cannot see Him, but we see him through His works. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world,'

and they that dwell therein; you must learn that text one day."

The mother's voice said that she had come to a conclusion, and that she was going to get up; but the child clung to her, and said: "Oh, stay a little longer," adding, archly, "How can I know the things if you don't teach me?"

So the mother staid a little longer, and said, "When I came in I saw you looking at the clouds; you did not know who made those?"

"Oh, yes, I did, and those were the only things that I could think of *then*, and it seemed so sorrowful. I'm so glad you came."

Her mother fondled her, and said, "And I did not see you looking at the books. You have not read many books yet, but I think that what you have read might have taught you, and I think that what you have heard in conversation might have taught you, that the holy and grand thoughts, the beautiful poetry, the wisdom and the wit that are to be found in books are all a divine gift, for which we can never be sufficiently grateful."

"Yes, but I did not think—" said Cherry, blushing a little.

"Ah! and another thing—you said they were all bought by money. Do you know where that money comes from?"

"Yes. Papa goes to the office every day to earn it."

"Do you know anything about how he earns it, and how he came to earn so much?"

"No. How?"

"When papa was a young man, like many other young men he had but very little money. He was a clerk with a small salary, but he had a great stock of good qualities, so that he won the esteem and confidence of every body who knew him; he did his work right and well, and many friends helped him because they liked him. And so he grew rich as you see. So when you look round and see the things all bought with money, you may remember that that money is gained by your father's honourable industry, and you must learn to be industrious too. Then perhaps you know—you ought to know a little—about the use he makes of his money. He gives to several schools, and to a hospital, and sends money to many Unitarian chapels and ministers, beside our own. You know something about that?"

"Yes, when those lists come I always look for F to find his name."

"When you get a little older you will know, too, that he gives to many friends and other people when he thinks a gift would do good. So you must learn to be generous too; and you must remember that the only way to be generous is to practise self-denial. And if (as is most likely) you do not have to work for your living you must take care that you do not spend your life in idleness, you must work for other people. If pains have been spent upon you, you must spend pains upon other people. If kindness has been shown to you, you must show kindness to other people. You must show that you are worthy of so good a father, and of all that he has done for you." Then followed a little pause, and then the mother said, "Well, I ought to have taught you this years ago; but I hope that after this you will never look round anywhere without feeling that you are surrounded by the works of God."

THE UNITARIAN PHYSICIAN.

SIR JOHN PRINGLE, Physician to the King and Queen of England, President of the Royal Society of London, was born the 10th of April, 1707, in the county of Roxburgh. He entered the University of St. Andrews to qualify himself for the medical profession, and afterwards to the University of Leyden, where he took his diploma in 1730. But he did not confine himself to the study of medicine, as he was deemed worthy at the age of twenty-five of being made Professor of Moral Philosophy of the University of Edinburgh. He continued to practise in Edinburgh till 1742, when he became physician to the Earl of Stair, who then commanded the allied armies of England and Austria, and who, thinking that Pringle could be more useful to his country at the head of the army hospitals than in a school of metaphysics, appointed him physician to the army in Flanders. Pringle was with the same general in the campaign of 1743 on the Maine. From the day that he became an army physician it seems to have been his one great object to lessen as far as lay in his power the evils of war. Endorsed with the feelings of humanity, the first principle and the only solid basis of all virtue, he felt what must be the sufferings of the wounded and dying when a sudden removal

of the army necessitated as sudden a removal of the hospital or the abandonment of the sufferers to the mercy of the enemy. To avoid this misfortune they were obliged to place the hospital at a distance from the army, and to seek safety rather than healthfulness in the selection of its position. Through his exertions an agreement was entered into between the Earl of Stair and Marshal Noilles for the mutual protection of the hospitals of both armies. This convention was faithfully adhered to both by the French and English generals. Indeed, Pringle's zeal met with the reward he most valued, for his countrymen were the first to reap the benefit of the treaty. After the battle of Dettingen the French army occupied a neighbourhood where an English hospital was situated, and the first care of Marshal Noilles was to assure the wounded who were in it that his troops had orders not to disturb either them or their attendants. Pringle's situation afforded him an opportunity of observing the influence on health of climate, diet, confined and damp quarters, habits of intemperance, and inattention to cleanliness. These, with the characteristics of the epidemics peculiar to war, he carefully digested and recorded, applying himself indefatigably to the investigation of the proper modes of dealing with them under different circumstances. His treatise "On the Diseases of the Army," which appeared in 1752, and which passed through seven editions, besides being translated into the French, Italian, and German languages, was not a work from which the medical practitioner alone could derive instruction. Among other instances corroborative of its utility, General Melville, who, while governor of the Friendly Islands, was instrumental in saving, by his sanitary regulations, the lives of seven hundred of his soldiers, attributed his success to the plainness of the language employed in this work and the soundness of the information it conveyed.

In 1745 Pringle was nominated physician-in-chief to the English forces employed under the Duke of Cumberland in suppressing the Scotch rebellion, and returned to England to fulfil his duties. He remained with the forces till after the battle of Culloden, April, 1746. The troops were in the field during the bitter weather of December, and yet suffered little, a society of Quakers having distributed clothing

amongst them. For two centuries past, in every period of national suffering, these men of peace have given some brilliant examples of benevolence; and among the many sects who have dishonoured reason and desolated the world the Quakers stand out as being the, as yet, only one whom fanaticism has rendered more just and more humane. The post which Pringle filled is perhaps the most difficult, and at the same time the most brilliant, that a physician can occupy. In the midst of devastation and horror it was his duty and his pleasure to comfort and sympathise with others; citizens and enemies, alike confided to his care, were to him brothers alike. Surrounded by an immense multitude of soldiers occupied in carrying out projects of destruction, he could yet abandon himself to the impulses of his heart, and listen to every suggestion of virtue. The terrible laws of war did not exist for him. He, and he alone, in the midst of war, could be permitted to listen to the voice of nature. He stands out from amongst the men who surround him as if he were a being of a superior nature, or rather he alone was truly man, and preserved without stain the human character and dignity. Pringle served also with the army abroad until the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1758, when he returned to England and settled as a physician. Henceforth most of his life was passed in London, where he divided his time between the practice of his profession and his duties at the Royal Society, whose president he was from 1772 to 1778. He died in January, 1782, in the 75th year of his age. He had investigated nearly all the sciences, the philosophy, the learning, and even the theology of his time. He liked to associate with the most learned authors and celebrities of England and of foreign countries—all those, in fact, from whom he hoped to learn, or who could learn from him. But except on the days of these assemblies he devoted himself to his intimate friends. His conversation and demeanour were full of that candour which he had shown in his works and in his opinions. The love of truth and a desire to do good were his two greatest pleasures, and indeed the only ones he had ever known. He was held in particular esteem by eminent and learned foreigners, none of whom ever came to England without waiting upon him, and paying the respect due to so good a man.

His biographer, Dr. Kippis, the celebrated Unitarian scholar, tells us that one night the persons present at Pringle's house, being eight in number, were each of a different nation (if Sir John himself, as a Scotchman, and Dr. Kippis, as an Englishman, could be so considered). The six others were a Dutchman, a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, and a Russian. But though they were thus diversified in country, education, modes of life, and religious principles, this proved no obstruction to mutual harmony, pleasure, and improvement. He liked much to converse with liberal-minded clergy, whether of the Establishment or among Dissenters, and he was honoured with the esteem and friendship of some of the most learned prelates of the Church. Among the distinguished philosophers of the age there were few with whom he was not closely connected, and he was on friendly terms with Dr. Franklin.

The principles of piety and virtue which were early instilled into his mind by a strict education appear never to have lost their influence upon him during his life. Nevertheless, when he mixed with the world his belief of the Christian revelation was so far unsettled that he became a doubter, if not a professed Deist. One cause of this was the false notions he had formed concerning the genuine doctrines of the New Testament. But it was not in his disposition to rest satisfied with doubt in so important a matter. He loved truth too much not to make religion the object of serious inquiry. As he scorned to be an implicit believer, he was equally averse to being an implicit unbeliever, which is the case with many who reject Christianity, with as little examination as the bigot accepts the most absurd doctrine.

The result of his investigation was a full conviction of the divine origin and authority of the Gospel. His early objections were entirely removed when he became satisfied that our religion does not contain some doctrines which have been commonly believed to belong to it.

Three points appeared to him to be of great importance, and the removal of his difficulties in regard to them effaced all his impressions against Christianity. He became fully convinced that the Athanasian doctrine formed no part of the Scriptures, but that they taught the unity and supremacy of the God and Father of mankind.

He was equally convinced that they do not confine the mercy of the Supreme Being to a few to the exclusion of others, and that they teach nothing with respect to the duration of the future punishment of the wicked which can be considered an impeachment of divine justice and goodness. In these beliefs he agreed with some of the best and wisest men the world has ever known. He was another instance of those who have not been ashamed of religion, and added another name to the catalogue of good and judicious men who have gloried in being rational Christians. As Sir John Pringle was thus firmly persuaded of the truth of the Gospel, he lived under its influence. He was animated with a strong sense of piety towards the Supreme Being, which displayed itself in a regular attendance on public worship, in private devotion, and in an endeavour to discharge all the obligations of virtue.

The distinguished Condorcet thus sums up his sketch of Pringle: "He was very pious, that is to say, he rendered to One God, the common Father of all men, a pure and noble worship; but his religion was one which he had formed for himself by his own reflections, and by reading the Bible, and he did not accept in its entirety the creed of any Christian Church. He believed that the punishments of the wicked after death will not be eternal, and that God will give to good men the same rewards whatever their creed may have been. These two points, especially the latter, were the only ones which he maintained with warmth, or to which he cared to convert others."

"If in the temple sacred to the great those who are animated by enthusiasm for science hurry on to seek greater names and pay their homage to genius of a higher character, yet the friends of mankind will stop with reverence at the tomb of the modest and virtuous man of science who was the enlightener and benefactor of his race. So in the triumphs of ancient Rome, whilst the ambitious youth gazed eagerly upon the laurels and golden crowns which were presented to conquerors of cities and vanquishers of enemies, the mothers and wives turned their tearful eyes upon those more modest warriors, whose simple crown of oak leaves proclaimed them to be the preservers or deliverers of their fellow citizens."

"ECHOES OF HOLY THOUGHTS,"*

WE welcome this little volume, dedicated as it is to the young members of our Church, as they gather for the first time round the table of Our Lord, and take the vow of self sacrifice—a true and faithful service to the Father in Heaven as disciples of the Master. The want of guidance and good counsel in such a time is recognised in all the Churches, but in none has been less supplied than in our own ; and yet where more than among us is there need of safe words of sound doctrine and advice at this the most solemn moment of the lives of our young people ? "Creeds of Christendom," "Endeavours after a Christian Life," and other valued works we possess. Mr. Channing, Mr. Martineau, Mr. Thom, "W. R. G." have all given of their best and noblest thought, addressed, however, rather to the old than to the young, dealing in abstruse speculation in difficult phraseology, with questions which fall more within scope of the theological scholar, the thoughtful politician, and were not meant to direct the hopes or guide the path of the maiden as she leaves the schoolroom, or the youth just entering upon the duties of active life.

Yet for all of us there are moments of specific change, milestones in the road of life, times in which to look forwards or backwards, all this is alike natural and right. Among these is undoubtedly our first communion. To recognise and utilise that service, while stripping it of all the trappings with which priest and theologians have attempted to clothe it, to gather the wheat and winnow away the chaff of the divine ordinance—to extract the core, which is of all time, and will be of value to ages, from the ceremonial sacrament to which the Churches have degraded the Great Remembrance—the last Supper of our Lord—to preserve the spirit and the poetry of the last meeting between the Author and Finisher of our faith and its first interpreters to a Gentile world, has been the object of the writer of this little volume, and most successfully has she executed her labour of love.

We have only so far attempted to lift the veil of the assumed incognita. The

tender manner, the loving delicacy of the book, we will not add the timid argument it contains, betray that we have to thank for its conception and cautious execution one of those sisters of whose existence in our midst we are all conscious, and of whom we have often hoped—and so far, with few exceptions, hoped in vain—that the faith which was in them would be spoken out for the benefit of those whom they might, but so often, from a too modest estimate of their own powers, they fail to succour.

To those who wish, in this age of free inquiry, in which the landmarks of priesthood or superstition cease to taint or terrify, to know in what light the Unitarian body regards the most touching and inspiring ceremonial of the Christian Church, in what spirit we invite our youths and maidens to join us at the Holy Communion, this little book will make these things clear. To those of our own brotherhood who, looking forward to the hour a few weeks or months hence when they will solemnly devote upon son or daughter the responsibility they have so far assumed, and in no small degree henceforward leave to them the direction of their own moral life, this volume will be a welcome friend. In its treatment of one of the most difficult points of disputed theology it is simple and clear, yet in our view complete and truthful, while the most reverential spirit runs through every paragraph. Though each young "postulant" may feel that his or her particular sins are not individually condemned, or that their special difficulties and personal trials receive nor solution nor consolation, the duty of self-sacrifice, the solemn obligation of self-conservation so earnestly inculcated in every chapter, covers all the ground, and all in their own time and circumstance may apply the rule thus pointed out in this special case.

We have not made extracts after the manner of reviewers, for we should not know which passage to select, and as the work seemed to us worthy of an attentive study as a whole, so to select a passage here and there would be scant justice to the authoress. The title and also the few words of preface are an appeal to us from the writer to pay our meed of gratitude, not to her, but rather to those from whom her aspirations are drawn. We must in the interest of our little Church not turn a

* ECHOES OF HOLY THOUGHTS.—Sent *post-free* on the receipt of twelve penny stamps. Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.

deaf ear to such an appeal. There may be nothing new under the sun, every argument may have been used before, and every description is but words and thoughts in a new combination, but an old light thrown from a new angle on the most venerated and best known pile may reveal a new beauty to the reverent. That these are but the echoes of the holy thoughts of many pious Christians who have endeavoured to make the life and example of our lord clearer and plainer to us all is doubtless true, but as we feel grateful to the stream which brings the mountain spring over rock and through valley to the thirsty plain, so do we heartily thank our unknown sister, who has put before our sons and daughters in simple and earnest language the echoes of holy thoughts which she had garnered up in her heart, till out of the fulness of it she has spoken to us and to them.

THE DUTIFUL SON.

A CLASS of six boys was called to recite. Five were handsomely dressed and carried gold watches ; the sixth wore patched clothes, and when he wanted to know the time, had to glance at Mr. Graham's clock in the corner.

"Who is he ?" asked a visitor of Mr. Graham when the class had passed from the room.

"Which one ?"

"The one who will make his mark ; the poor one, to be sure."

"Ah ! Why, judge, he is Jones Brown, the son of a labouring man. He is as honest and persevering a boy as ever the sun shone on."

"I thought so. His address, if you please."

Mr. Graham gave it without question, though he wondered what the odd judge was about to do. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and six children were surprised at tea-table that night by a call from the stranger. Jones remembered him as the visitor to the school room. In five minutes he had told his errand. He was Judge Rood, of Acton ; he had taken a fancy to Jones ; would Mr. and Mrs. Brown give the boy to him to be educated as a lawyer in his office ?

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were speechless with delight. Jones clasped his hands gratefully. Arrangements were speedily

made. Jones had but a month longer to stay at Mr. Graham's school. Then ! ah, the glorious then !

Jones was a Christian, anxious every day to serve Jesus with his whole mind, soul, and body. Just now his heart was fairly dancing with joy that God had seemed to open before him such a bright future. Already his little trunk stood packed in the loft chamber. Brothers and sisters gathered about him daily, with little scraps of talk about what they should do without him.

Just a week before he was to go to Judge Rood's a fire happened in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brown, while helping some one to escape, was himself killed. Mrs. Brown, broken-hearted, died, and Jones, on the day he was to have gone to Judge Rood's, stood in the midst of his family, the only protector of brothers and sisters. What was his duty ? He looked into the eyes of each of the helpless ones, and, with a trembling step, went up to his little loft chamber. The children could hear him walk to and fro ; then came a silence. Jimmy peeped through a crack in the door ; Jones was on his knees. Presently he came down, wrote a letter, and took it to the office ; then he walked down to Mr. Jordan's machine shop.

"Will you hire me, Mr. Jordan ?"

"Why, I thought you were to be the young judge."

"That is past ; my family need me."

"Why, bless you, brave boy, I'd make work if I hadn't it ; but here it lies plenty, and I'll give you royal wages."

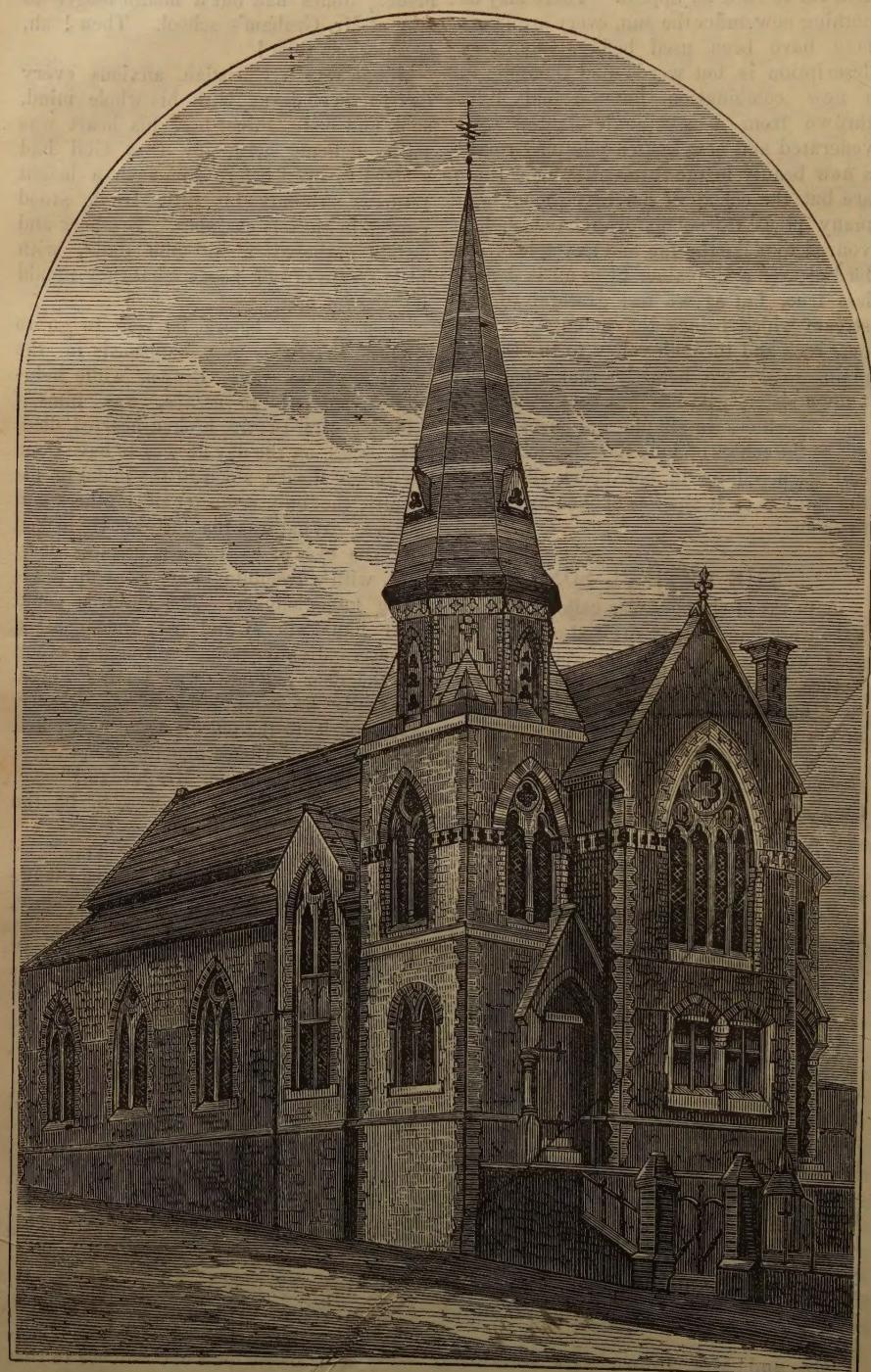
"Thank you, sir. Can I come to-day ?"

"To day ! was there ever such a boy ? Yes, in two hours."

"In two hours, then ; good-bye till that time," said Jones, not a muscle of his face showing the sad heart within.

"God will bless that boy," thought Mr. Jordan, wiping his eyes.

God did bless him, even in this life. For years, without a murmur, he worked in that machine shop, till the youngest child in his father's family was able to care for herself ; then, every difficulty pushed out of the way, Jones went back to study. Helping hands were held out all around, and to-day Jones Brown stands a monument to the blessedness of obedience to that command, "Honour thy father and thy mother." —S. S. Visitor.



CHRIST CHURCH, PEASE HILL ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.

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ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.

In the year 1861 the conductors of the Sunday-schools belonging to the Old Presbyterian or Unitarian Chapel, High Pavement, Nottingham, desiring to establish additional Sunday-schools in the new part of Nottingham which has been built within the last twenty-five years, had opened schools, in rooms, in one of the new streets. These school-rooms were soon filled, but not being convenient for the purpose the schools were removed to more suitable premises in Pease Hill-road, in which the Sunday-schools continued to be carried on.

The success of the Sunday-schools induced their supporters and the members of the High Pavement congregation to resolve to erect a church on land adjoining the school-house, as a bi-centenary offering to the memory of the three noble men who had resigned livings in Nottingham in 1662.

The foundation stone of the church was laid in September, 1863, and the building was completed in the following year.

At the same time the school-room was altered and enlarged, and class-rooms on three sides of it, and opening into the principal room, were added. The church and schools were erected at a total cost of about £2500. The church only is shown in the accompanying engraving. "The building is a very handsome structure, both internally and externally, and is a great addition to the architecture of the neighbourhood in which it stands. It is in the Gothic style, generally known as the geometric decorated."

The front is approached by a flight of steps leading to lobbies on both sides. It is divided into three compartments, forming nave and aisles, with arcades of coloured bricks, supported by iron columns. The roof is open to view, and supported with stone shafts and corbels; the seats are open, with moulded ends. There is a gallery at the west end. The church contains sittings for nearly 400 persons. The present minister, the Rev. C. L. Whitham, took the charge February 1, 1868. The congregation is steadily increasing, and at present numbers about 100 subscribing members. The Sunday-schools have about 230 scholars, with a staff of thirty-four

teachers, and some connected institutions. A day school, under Government inspection, is held in the school-room during the week days, and has about 140 scholars on the roll.

The church and schools are in a satisfactory state, and there is good prospect of continued useful service in the work of Christ.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

THIS is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow.
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands
and pray!

Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away!

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on and the streets are
drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter
doom,

And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a loving touch,
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and
dead,
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me so,
Though I was gray and old;
And her face was so wise and so sweet to see
And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed.

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little nightgown drest,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's sting,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men, with their prayers
untrue—
Nay, rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION EXAMINED WITH ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

By H. J. PRESTON.

In a letter to the *Inquirer* newspaper the Rev. Mr. Hunt, curate of Lambeth, asserted that no rational man would deny the Divinity (he means Deity) of Jesus so long as St. John's Gospel was received as one of the canonical books of the New Testament. This is a bold assertion, considering how many persons have held a different opinion who have not only been esteemed perfectly rational but have taken a high position in the estimation of those capable of judging of them. Among such persons we may name Milton, Locke, Newton, Whiston, Lardner, Lindsey, Priestley, Price, Rees, Barbauld, Belsham, Roscoe, Rathbone, and Channing. All these eminent persons, and many more who might be named, accepted St. John's Gospel as canonical, and yet all denied the Deity of Jesus. We propose to examine this Gospel in order to discover whether the doctrine of the incarnation is so clearly taught in it as Mr. Hunt contends, or whether it is not quite possible for a rational and reverent inquirer to arrive at an altogether different conclusion.

No passage in the whole Bible is more confidently relied upon as evidence of the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus than the introductory portion of St. John's Gospel, and with some justice as the translation stands in the authorised version. We think, however, that this translation is capable of improvement, and of an interpretation at once accurate and rational, and destructive of its force as evidence of the doctrine we are commenting upon.

As usually translated the Gospel commences thus—"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God—the same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men: and the light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Now, we do not deny that this is—except perhaps in one particular hereafter mentioned—a strictly fair and grammatical translation of the original Greek as we have it; but it is a translation only, made

by fallible men, who enjoyed no especial means of knowing the writer's meaning; and any one is, therefore, at liberty to suggest another translation which shall be equally fair and grammatical, and at the same time, as he believes, more correctly express the author's ideas. Several different translations have been proposed by learned men, of them all we prefer the following:—"In the beginning was wisdom, and wisdom was with God and God was wisdom. This was in the beginning with God. By it were all things done, and without it was not anything done that was done. In it was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not."

Now, this translation has one great disadvantage to contend with, and that is its novelty to most readers. The generality of persons grow up with such a reverence for the very words of the authorised version of the Scriptures, to which from their earliest years they have been accustomed, that any deviation from it, especially in the best known portions, jars alike upon their ears and their feelings. They have no idea of the many thousand improvements which the translation, now made more than 250 years ago, requires to make it accord with the advance in science, philology, biblical criticism, and kindred subjects during that long space of time. Probably no greater benefit could be conferred upon our country than the publication of a revised authorised version of the Scriptures, which, while retaining the grandeur and beauty of the present version, would be free from many of its defects, and induce people to take a more intelligent view of a subject so deeply interesting and important as the value to be attached to the various books called the Bible.

We now proceed to ascertain as well as we are able the Apostle's meaning in the paragraph quoted, and to give our reasons for preferring the second rendering of it.

There can, we think, be no reasonable doubt that the same person is the writer both of the Gospel attributed to St. John and of the First Epistle, which is also attributed to him. We are not at present prepared to admit the claim set up on behalf of John the Presbyter to be the author of these most valuable contributions to Christian literature. These two

works, then, being the productions of the same author, we are entitled to use one to assist us in explaining any ambiguity in the other.

Now an ambiguity suggests itself in the very outset. What does the Evangelist mean by "In the beginning?" Does he refer to the creation, or to some subsequent epoch? He is usually supposed to allude to the creation of the material universe, and to declare that it was made by Jesus. We conceive that this is altogether a mistake. The same expression occurs several times in this Gospel and also in the Epistle, and in all these instances plainly has relation to the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and not to any earlier period. Thus in John vi. 64, "For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not and who should betray him." John xv. 27, "And ye also shall testify, because ye have been with me from the beginning." Again, xvi. 4, "These things I said not unto you from the beginning." And 1 John i. 1, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life." As regards the first of these quotations it may indeed be said that if Jesus were God he knew from the beginning of all things who should be faithful and who false, but all the others refer immediately to the disciples, and can have no relation to any time prior to the commencement of Christ's ministry. We think, then, that those are justified by analogy who maintain that the era referred to is the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and not that of the creation.

The next question which occurs in this interesting and important inquiry is, What does the Evangelist mean by the word Logos, ordinarily translated the Word.

Now, it is evident that St. John intends by this expression to designate something or some person immediately identified with God, and it is also evident that this thing or person is at verse 14 of the same chapter immediately identified with Jesus. Does it, therefore, follow that St. John intended, as Trinitarians assert, to declare that Jesus was God?

Now, it is a most remarkable fact that in no instance, either in the Gospel or

Epistle, does St. John, when writing his own opinion, give the title God to Jesus, unless it be in this passage we are considering. Thus in c. xx., 31, he says: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Surely if the Evangelist had believed that Christ was God he would have taken this opportunity of announcing a truth of infinitely greater importance than the one he did announce, for there can be no doubt that the fact of the Deity Himself having appeared on earth, and associated during many years among men as a suffering man, is (if true) the most stupendous event which has ever occurred in the history of our race. "The Son of God" and "God the Son" are not convertible terms; they represent wholly different ideas. The former title is in the New Testament frequently applied to Christ, the latter never. Is it not strange that a phrase which is used so constantly by Trinitarians as that which best expresses the position of Jesus in the celestial hierarchy should never once be found in the writings whence the authority for it is supposed to be derived?

But in both the Gospel and Epistle we have the strongest evidence that the Apostle did not believe that Jesus was God, for he says distinctly in the Gospel, c. i., v. 18: "No man hath seen God at any time;" and again in the Epistle I. iv., v. 12, he repeats the same words, "No man hath seen God at any time." Let us take these words in connection with the context: "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, in that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent his son to be a propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time." The object of the Apostle here is to insist in the most emphatic terms upon the claim which God has to the love of his human family, and as his highest claims to such love the Apostle adduces the love of God in sending his only begotten son into the world; but surely the Apostle would have made this claim still stronger had he said that God had Himself come into the world and given Himself as a propitiation for our sins. But as though anxious that

there should be no mistake or misunderstanding, he says distinctly, no man hath ever seen God. How could he have said this if he knew that the son was God? Nothing can be clearer than the distinction made by the Apostle between God the sender and the Son the sent. To say that the Apostle intended to represent that those who had seen Jesus had not seen God because they had not seen the three persons of the Trinity, but only God the Son, is to make him an unworthy equivocator, to charge him with a paltering with language of which no honest man would be guilty. If the hypothesis of the two natures be true, every one who had seen Jesus had seen God. According to the Trinitarian theory he was God when he was born, for one of the titles of the Virgin Mary is Mother of God, and he was God when he died, because the offended justice of the infinite God could be satisfied only by the death of an infinite being. If, then, he was God in the cradle and God on the cross, he was also God during his whole earthly career. The Apostle was, therefore, mistaken in saying that "No man hath seen God at any time," because he had not merely been seen by thousands of persons, but had delivered addresses to them. We do not think the Apostle fell into this error, but that those are mistaken who suppose that Jesus was God.

Let us examine this in another way. The Apostle says: "God sent his only begotten Son into the world." Whom does he mean by God? Is it God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, or any one or more of these. Inferentially we should say he intended to designate God the Father only as he speaks of his Son. All doubt on this subject is, however, removed by a reference to St. John's Gospel, where Jesus says repeatedly that the Father hath sent him. By the word God, then, in this instance the Apostle means God the Father only. But nothing can be clearer than that throughout the Epistle the same being is always spoken of under the title God, and, therefore, we are driven to the conclusion that the writer knew of no other God than the Father.

Assisted by these preliminary inquiries, let us proceed to consider the introduction to the Gospel.

What is the meaning of the word "Logos," translated "word." This, with-

out doubt, is one meaning of the word, but it also means reason or wisdom. The last authoritative exponent of the Deity of Christ is the eloquent Rev. H. P. Liddon, who in his Bampton lectures, p. 341, thus speaks of the Logos: "Clearly the term Logos denotes at the very least something intimately and everlastingly present with God, something as integral to the Being of God as is thought to the soul of man. The Divine Logos is God reflected in His own internal thought; in the Logos God is His own object, the infinite thought, the reflection and counterpart of God subsisting in God as a Being or Hypostasis, and having a tendency to self-communication; such is the Logos. The Logos is the thought of God, not intermittent and precarious like human thought, but subsisting with the intensity of a personal form." So far as this passage is intelligible by us—for we confess we do not understand what is meant by a "Hypostasis having a tendency to self-communication"—it coincides with those who interpret the Logos as the Divine Wisdom, or as Mr. Liddon calls it, thought. It is, therefore, an attribute of the Deity, just as thought is an attribute of man; it is also co-eternal with the Deity, and is indeed absolutely inseparable from Him. The Evangelist is, therefore, strictly justified in saying that "Wisdom was with God and God was Wisdom." This style of expression moreover agrees precisely with that of St. John on other occasions. Thus in 1 John, 15, he says: "God is light;" and again in 1 John iv. 8, "God is love." We have then God expressly identified with three of his attributes—wisdom, light, and love, each of which is wholly inseparable from Him. We may well imagine that the beloved disciple learnt this mode of speech from the Master himself, for his Gospel abounds with instances of such identification. Thus in c. vii. 35, "I am the bread of life;" x. 7, "I am the door of the sheep fold;" x. 11, "I am the good Shepherd;" xl. 25, "I am the resurrection and the life;" xiv. 6, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." In c. xv., "Jesus is the vine, God is the husbandman—the disciples are the branches;" no independent life or personality is therefore implied in the words now under consideration.

This identification of God with light is beautifully expressed by Milton in the

opening lines to the third book of "Paradise Lost."—

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born!
Or of the eternal, coeternal beam!
May I express thee, unblam'd, since God is
light,

And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence incarnate?"

A similar identification of God with wisdom and love is contained in Sir John Bowring's admirable hymn, commencing :

"God is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he makes, and love he lightens;
God is Wisdom, God is Love."

As wisdom is thus identified with God it was necessarily with Him in the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and by means of it all things were done in connection with that event, and without it was not anything done which was done. The Greek word "*auton*" in the authorised version translated "him," means "it" as well, and the word "*egeneto*" in this passage translated "were made," is the same as is usually translated "it came to pass," and we might thus render the sentence, "By means of it all things came to pass, and without it did not anything come to pass which did come to pass." It is very doubtful whether this word is ever used to express creation, in which sense it is, however, as we think, erroneously employed in the authorised version in this instance and in verse 10. "In it was life." Undoubtedly, for as St. John says: verse 26, "The Father has life in Himself," and consequently the Divine Wisdom was full of life, and when manifested to the world in the person of Jesus it became the light of men; but the world in his day was indeed in a state of spiritual darkness, and did not comprehend the light. "And the Divine Wisdom became flesh (in the person of Jesus), and dwelt among us full of grace and truth, and we saw his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father." That is, God having a great work to accomplish in the redemption of the world from sin, when the fulness of time was come sent into it His only begotten son, filled in an especial manner with divine wisdom, in order that he might be qualified to perform the duties of his high office. The divine wisdom "which is intimately and everlastinglly present with God," and is by the Evangelist identified with God, was manifested to the

world in a bodily form in Jesus, but this is a very different thing from saying that Jesus was God.

(Concluded in the next.)

HOW IT STRIKES A BEGINNER.

THE poet Keats in a beautiful sonnet describes his impressions on reading Chapman's translation of Homer, which had enabled him to form for the first time a conception of the beauty and spirit of the original poems. He compares his pleasure to that of an astronomer watching the skies,

"When a new planet swims into his ken,"
and to Cortez and his companions, who, when first gaining a sight of the Pacific Ocean, stood, rapt in astonishment and delight—

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

We shall endeavour to show how somewhat of the same kind of pleased surprise, mingled with a yet deeper feeling of interest, comes to the student who for the first time is able to make acquaintance with the New Testament in the original Greek. We are not supposing, however, that in order to do this he has first mastered any of the difficulties of the Greek grammar, but only that after becoming familiar with the character—with the declension of the article, pronouns, &c., and having gained a little insight into the mechanism of the verb, he is able, with occasional reference to the grammar and lexicon, to compare word for word, and sentencé by sentencé, some faithful English translation with the Greek text.* There is to be found an attraction and a charm in the process which we can hardly exaggerate—provided always that there be first felt an interest in the subject itself, and a desire to obtain a better comprehension of Scripture. We are aware, at the outset, that Greek was not the language spoken by Christ, nor that perhaps in which the first records of his life and teachings were written; but we know that the books of the New Testament in the form we now possess them were first written in the Greek language. Presuming, too, that the Greek text we are reading may have been taken from a MS. of the fourth century, we may at once feel as if we were getting nearer by fifteen hundred years to the time

*For this method of study, the translation of Mr. S. Sharpe is particularly suited by its closeness to the Greek.

of the events recorded, and we seem also drawn nearer in *place*, as we remember that the names of localities, persons, and things are in the Greek, if not those by which they were known in Palestine in the time of Christ, are certainly those by which they were known by all contemporaries speaking the Greek tongue—at that time almost the universal language of the civilised world. We find next that we can scarcely interpret a single sentence without coming upon words from which are derived familiar English words, or which have some likeness in them to words we know in other languages. And this should not surprise us when we are told that all the languages of Europe are supposed to have had a common origin in the language of a very ancient people of the North of Asia, some of whom migrating westward thousands of years ago, their language became changed and modified into the different tongues of Europe, while it was best preserved in that of Greece.

This accounts for the sort of shadowy resemblance that we find in the Greek to the words and construction of other languages of Europe, in addition to the actual roots of many English words that we come upon. We have also adopted many Greek words into our language in later times to describe the purpose and meaning of new inventions, to furnish names for discoveries in science and new branches of learning; as, for instance, the word telegraph from *telos* the end, and *grapho* I write; geology, from *ge*, earth, and *logos* a discourse; pneumatics, the science which teaches all about air, from *pneuma*, air or spirit.

The Greek words for "to read" means "to recognise" or "know again," and this describes very exactly the process, as we first attempt to read the Greek Testament, since it is a constant "recognition" of words or parts of words we have known in other forms. Another still higher source of interest is the discovery as we read the Gospel of the meaning and origin of many words which have become so closely connected with religion, and especially with the Christian Church, that we have lost sight of their simple origin, and have come to attach very complicated ideas to them. The detection, however, of their original meaning helps us to see much of the state of things in Jerusalem and the rest of Palestine in the time of our Savi-

our. We will give a few instances of words of this kind met with by the student.

The first word in the Greek New Testament is *Biblos*, a book, which is of course seen at once to be the origin of our word Bible—the word in Greek meaning *any* book, while its derivative Bible is used by us only in a special sense when applied to the Old and New Testament writings. It is next found that *aggelos* (pronounced *angelos*) means "a messenger," and is the origin of our word angel. The angel of God, meaning thus the messenger of God, as John the Baptist is called by Christ a messenger (*aggelos*) of God. We thus see that the conception we have of angels as beautiful beings in the human form, with wings, is gained from art and poetry, and not from scripture. Formed from this word, with the adjective *eus*, good, prefixed to it, is also *euaggelion*, "the sending of a good message," and is the origin of evangile—"gospel," or "good tidings." We see that *ecclesia*, an assembly, means the same as our word church, and is the origin of ecclesiastic and ecclesiastical, words which are connected in our minds with priestly dignity and all the pomps and ceremonies of a ritualistic religion, and yet which at first can have signified only the meeting together of the humble followers of Christ for worship in his name. Then we notice that *presbyteros*, an old man or elder, must be the origin of the name "presbyterian" being given to the sect, the affairs of whose churches are managed by elders—as were, and still are, the affairs of the Jewish synagogues. We see that the word "deacon" comes from *diakonos*, a servant; that "Cathedral," the name given to our grandest religious edifices, comes from *kathedra*, a seat; that a giving of thanks by Christ when eating a little bread and drinking a little wine with his followers was the simple origin of the word "Eucharist," which is now used to signify the rite of the Lord's Supper by those who attach to it the most mystical sense and who believe in the miraculous presence of Christ in the bread and wine. Very interesting, too, is it to find that the word *martur*, meaning a witness, is the origin of our word martyr, by which we see how the title was gained by those of the first Christians who witnessed to the truth in their deaths.

All these, and many like discoveries, we

make as we pursue our first studies, and as we gain such knowledge we cannot but be struck by the manner in which the Christian Church has outgrown many of the early meanings of its names and titles, and in its present complicated forms has lost sight of such simple epithets as, "an assembly," "a seat," "a servant," "an old man," "a messenger," "a witness," and a "giving of thanks."

To those who are likely to approach the study of the Gospels in Greek with doubts of their verbal infallibility, and what is called the plenary inspiration of their writers—who, on the contrary, are inclined to believe that many hands, many minds, many memories, and much time must have been employed in their compilation—who suspect, too, that many mere oral traditions and legends have been introduced into the history, and that the "superstitions and prejudices of the scribes have been mingled with their scripture"—to such persons we believe the reading of the Greek text may help to confirm the doubts, beliefs, and suspicions; but, on the other hand, we can assure them that faith in what we all hold to be of most importance in the Gospels will be increased by their perusal in Greek. We find that passages which, by frequent repetition, had grown trite and too familiar, like salt which has lost its savour, seem to come to us in the original refreshed and with renewed force; while much of the narrative—the scenes in the Temple courts, and the incidents among the towns and villages of Galilee and Samaria—the teachings on the hill sides and by the shores of the lake—all seem to present pictures to our minds more graphic in touch and more local in colouring—the back-ground more Oriental, and the foreground more Jewish than in the English version. And the very words of Jesus, which were spoken to touch the hearts and consciences of men, recommending love to our Father in Heaven, and love to men as our brethren, and enjoining purity of life and goodness of character—that portion of the Gospels which we believe to contain eternal truth, and to be calculated to bring about the true salvation of the human soul—all this comes, it seems to us, with a fuller meaning to the mind, and with a more convincing power, as we decipher it from the expressive words, and the sentences of concise dignity of the Greek text.

The above remarks are made in the character of a "Beginner," who has made acquaintance with a portion only of the New Testament in Greek; and, like Cortez and his followers as they gazed upon the vast Pacific, and knew nothing of the fertile islands and thickly peopled continents which lay beyond, so must we be still in ignorance of very much that the student attains to, who has time and opportunity to acquire a thorough and grammatical knowledge of the Greek language; but we cannot doubt that sources of still deeper interest, and much more important knowledge than any we have been able to gain, are sure to become his rich reward.

IF YOU SHOULD MARRY.

If you should ever get married, John,

I'll tell you what to do—

Go get a little tenement,

Just big enough for two!

And one spare room for company,

And one spare bed within it—

And if you'd begin love's life aright,

You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,

And let the stuffed chairs wait;

One looking-glass will do for both,

Yourself and loving mate;

And Brussels, too, and other things,

Which make a fine appearance,

If you can better afford it, they—

Will look better a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,

Superb and costly, too,

Your wife will be a picture, John,

Let that suffice for you.

Remember how the wise man said,

A tent and love within it

Is better than a splendid house

With bickering every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John—

Your wife can do the best;

For love, to make the biscuits rise,

Is better far than yeast.

No matter if each day you don't

Bring turkey to your table—

Twill better relish by and by,

When you are better able.

For all you buy, pay money, John,

Money that very day!

If you would have your life run smooth,

There is no better way;

A note to pay is an ugly thing—

If thing you choose to call it—

When it hangs over man who has

No money in his wallet.

And now, when you get married, John,

Don't try to ape the rich;

It took them many a toilsome year

To gain their envied niche.

If you should gain the summit, John,

Look well to your beginning;

And then will all you win repay

The toil and care of winning.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A MOTTO.—The motto of Arminius was "A good conscience is Paradise."

SELF-DECEPTION.—Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

FIGHTING is the poorest way to settle a quarrel, because it does nothing to show which is the right.

SUCCESS.—Success in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we were not much. It is just so with a frog on a jump; he can't remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can.

TEMPER.—"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher; "it's a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.—He had evidently had a little unpleasantness with Aunt Effie. "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and—and, if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effie—but I don't much care."

A DOC.—"I think," said Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, "that every family should have a dog. It is like a perpetual baby; and then it betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, and is always ready for a bit of fun."

A PLAIN COURSE.—Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and say what is the most just and most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from those secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

HOARDING WEALTH.—A popular writer says:—"It is as absurd to spend one's life in hoarding up millions of wealth, which the possessor can never enjoy, as it would be to collect and lay up in a storehouse 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 80,000 pairs of trousers which were never intended to be worn."

CATHOLIC UNANIMITY.—"There is no difference of opinion among Catholics on this subject, for we do not allow any difference on such questions. The decrees of the Church forbid it. The reverend Father read from the Syllabus in support of his propositions. Whoever maintains contrary opinions cannot be a Catholic. This may be arbitrary, and is so. Truth is arbitrary, and this is truth. No Catholic can maintain an opinion opposed to the temporal power of the Pope."—*New York Tablet*.

THE TEST OF LOVE.—"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa, one day, when he had been talking to her about loving God. "Perhaps you think so, Maria." "O, I do, indeed I do, papa!" "Suppose, my child, you should come to me, and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me, could I believe you?" "No, papa." "Well, dear, how can I believe that you love God when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids? You know the Bible says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'

THE FUTURE.—There is a mountain pass in Switzerland over which the traveller is conducted blindfold. He might lose his footing if he caught but one bewildering glimpse of the chasm below. In like manner a wise love conceals from us those circumstances that might distract our attention from the immediate line of duty, and withholds the knowledge that might occasion bewilderment and a fall.—*Charles Stanford*.

A PRUSSIAN BOY'S "GRACE."—One of the young patriots of Siegen, Prussia, sallied out to join in celebrating the victory of Strasbourg, and what with the pealing of bells, the roaring of cannon and the setting off of his own explosives—time, place, and circumstance became somewhat mixed up in his mind, until a gnawing, as of a queer little mouse in his stomach, reminded him of dinner-time. He ran home as fast as his seven-year-old feet could carry him, and arriving quite breathless and somewhat late, for the first time in his life, forgot to say "Grace before meat." His mother reminded him of the omission, and he at once folded his hands and began,

"Thou good God—fear nought!

For strong and true stands the Watch on the Rhine!"

ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE.—The curious and "troublesome" style of Carlyle is said to be quite in contrast with his simple straightforward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one of his notable characteristics. One evening at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to him, and listen to his divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, "No, madam, I don't. I think that, had he come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honour of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour'; but if he had come uttering his sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and lower orders, as he did, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang him!'"

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